

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

London
April 26, 1944



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LONDON

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Marcus Adams

Lady Elizabeth Clyde and Her Sons

Lady Elizabeth Clyde, only daughter of the Duke of Wellington, is the wife of Captain Thomas Clyde, Royal Horse Guards, whom she married in 1939. Her husband is the son of Mr. W. P. Clyde of New York. They have two sons, Jeremy, aged three, and Robin, nearly one year old. Lady Elizabeth's father succeeded his nephew, the sixth Duke of Wellington, who was killed in action last October. The marriage of her only brother, the Marquess of Douro, M.C., to Miss Mary Ruth McConnell took place in Palestine in January this year. Captain Clyde and Lord Douro are serving in the same regiment



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Meeting

FOR the first time in this war all the Prime Ministers of the Empire are to meet in London. It will be an historic occasion in more ways than one. Their presence will bring into being, if only for a brief but pregnant period, the idea which so many have ceaselessly advocated, an Imperial War Cabinet. If their sessions do not, in fact, acquire the actual title their deliberations must certainly justify it. For they are coming to London at Mr. Churchill's invitation at the moment when all our thoughts are concentrating on the final showdown with Hitler. But even were these not vital months, the meeting of Empire statesmen would still be one of the most important in our history. The shaping of a common policy for the immediate post-war years is an urgent necessity, if the British Empire is to play a full and weighty part in world affairs.

Friends

NEW to the Imperial Round Table will be Mr. John Curtin. He is coming to London for the first time as Australia's Prime Minister, and it will be his first meeting with Mr. Churchill. But they know each other fairly well by now. From opposite ends of the world they have tried and succeeded in large measure in co-ordinating their efforts in the war against Japan. They will have much to talk about, once they have taken measure of each other. Mr. Curtin is said to have a strong and determined personality. So he should get on very well with Mr. Churchill. Since Mr. Curtin became Prime Minister there have been many developments in the Far East war, and considerable improvements in the organization of the Allied power to deal a knock-out blow. When will that be? Mr. Curtin will be able

to give Mr. Churchill his own ideas at first hand, which should be very helpful.

Invasion

As Mr. Churchill promised we should, we are now watching the unfolding of some of the plans which are preliminary to the great and historic assault on the Continent. The decision to restrict the privileges of members of the Diplomatic Corps in London is the first, and the most unexpected, of the signs of the future. There is no precedent for such a step in our history, as there is no precedent for so many of the things which Hitler and his total war have forced on us. Obviously the War Cabinet would not have considered such a break with long-established convention unless there was real necessity. A necessity with the backing of military insistence would be the only excuse for the action, and there is every reason to assume that the War Cabinet acted on the recommendation of General Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander, after consultations with President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin.

Blow

IT will be a blow to many of the diplomats posted to London who have found the capital a centre for collecting all manner of news items and sending them in code to their respective governments. In many cases the secrecy of the cipher is said to have been used for the most trivial communications, with the result that cipher staffs at some embassies and legations were unduly large. These cipher clerks will now be unemployed. All messages must be sent *en claire* after passing the censor. One point should be made clear. It was not that the Government suspected that military secrets were being sent through diplomatic ciphers. The ban has been imposed on com-

munications by cipher to protect diplomats themselves against inadvertency which might conceivably reveal information which the war leaders would prefer did not leave this country.

Control

EQUALLY inconvenient to diplomats will be the fact that they are to be "frozen" in London for the time being. They cannot travel abroad to their home capitals, as some of them have been able to do throughout the war. Here again is a stern military necessity. Britain is now one of the greatest military bases in the world. No military commander could tolerate even the most privileged friends travelling to and from his lines just as he was about to launch a devastating offensive. Fortunately all the diplomats in London recognize that the steps taken by the British Government are in the interests of continued friendship and freedom; and, above all, that the withdrawal of their privileges is but a temporary measure.

Traffic

THE most interesting herald of the times is the new Defence Regulation which bestows powers on the authorities to ensure that military traffic has the freest possible movement. Obviously this is most essential, but it does



K.C.B. for General MacArthur

Lord Gowrie, Governor-General of Australia, recently decorated Gen. MacArthur, Supreme Allied Commander in the South-West Pacific, with the military insignia of the K.C.B. at a ceremony at Canberra



Commanding a Division

Maj.-Gen. J. L. I. Hawkesworth, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., now commanding a division in Italy, was previously Director of Military Training at the War Office, and in command of the 4th division, B.N.A.F., in 1942-43



Inspecting Troops in Italy

Maj.-General G. W. R. Templer, D.S.O., chatted to a military policeman while inspecting men of his division. Forty-five years old and one of the youngest British generals, he has been in the Army since 1916

seem rather belated that the Government should have to take these powers now. Surely they should have been armed with them from the beginning of the war. Publication of such an Order, however, may be in line with what Mr. Churchill said in his last speech. In indicating that soon signs would not be wanting of the forthcoming invasion, he prophesied that some would be false and some true. It seems, therefore, that the British Government were determined to give Hitler plenty to think about in the days preceding his fifty-fifth birthday.

Retribution

HITLER used to have a lot to say about his youth, and the power and vision that it gave him. He also used to sneer at age and experience. The years are now catching up on him; they are years of retribution. He had no victories to celebrate on his fifty-fifth birthday, no list of successive successes as in the first years of the war. The record is now



Informal Discussions in a Country Setting

While spending a quiet weekend Mr. Richard Law, Minister of State, Mr. Edward Stettinius, U.S. Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Eden, Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Winant, U.S. Ambassador, continued their important talks on international problems. The Cairn terrier accompanying them must have gathered some interesting information



A General's Chauffeur Married in London

Sgt. Thomas Isabel, of Earle, Arkansas, U.S.A., and Miss Joyce Millicent Kelley, a sergeant in the W.A.A.F., were married at Holy Trinity, Tulse Hill. General Carl Spaatz (left), Commanding General U.S. Strategic Air Force, to whom the bridegroom is chauffeur, was present, and three other generals also attended the wedding

of nothing but failure, of anxiety, of plotting and planning to avoid final defeat. All the military glory has gone as Germany stands to her defences, and with its departure the German people are said to recognize that with the invasion of the Continent by the British and American forces will come the end of their struggle. Hitler was not able to promise them anything but continued effort and anxiety in which their only real help must be the faith on which they have lived through these recent dark days. But even his mystic power over the German people, which was and still is remarkable, cannot stay the hand of fate. The German people see the writing on the wall.

Caution

It is not very fashionable in many quarters these days to urge caution, and to control optimism with reasonable and calm judgment. But it would be well for us to ponder not only the importance of the plans for the invasion

of the Continent but also what they mean in effort, organization and skill, not forgetting the difference between success and failure. Only in this way can we realize the magnitude of the assault which is about to be launched. Napoleon paused before he launched an invasion against these islands, and then dropped his plans. So did Hitler. Those who keep saying that the plans are without any precedent in our history in size, conception and demands on the national will are speaking the sober truth and they should be heeded. Never was the unity of the nation more essential, and never did our fighting men need all our confidence and support as at this time.

Candidate

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR has paused more than once lately in his Pacific campaign to discuss the presidential election in the United States and to assert with varying degrees of vagueness that he is not really a

candidate. Among politicians in America this is a form of political manoeuvring which is well understood and appreciated. It would cause me no surprise if General MacArthur did seek nomination, in spite of his denials. It would be in line with his career and also in accordance with national sentiment in the various stages of American history. George Washington was a soldier-president and General Grant also sat in the White House. The announced withdrawal of Mr. Wendell Willkie has paved the way for all sorts of possibilities. General MacArthur won great popularity throughout the United States for his unsuccessful campaign in the Philippines, and since he has been in Australia his name has continued to be a household word. But those who are expert judges in Washington believe that when the smoke of political battle has drifted away President Roosevelt will still be the Commander-in-Chief of America's mighty forces with a safe seat in the White House for another four years.



Lt.-Cdr. L. W. Napier, D.S.O., D.S.C., went to the investiture with his wife. He won his D.S.O. last year, when commanding a submarine minelayer



Lt.-Col. A. A. Cameron was at the Buckingham Palace investiture, where he went to receive the D.S.O. and bar, and the M.C. and bar from the King



S/Ldr. W. Gibb, D.F.C., went to receive his award accompanied by his wife, a flight officer in the W.A.A.F. He comes from Porthcawl

Awards For the Navy, Army and Air Force at Buckingham Palace

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Pygmalion Again

By James Agate

MR. SHAW'S *Pygmalion*, the film version of which is being revived at the Leicester Square Theatre, is, by common consent, a masterpiece. Very well, then, it is a masterpiece. Admitting this as handsomely and fully as the reader likes, let me not beat about the bush, but say that it is one of those masterpieces which I personally am inclined to honour more in the breach than in the observance. The old play is, of course, a fairy tale. And, alas, I don't believe in Mr. Shaw's fairy tales. In other words, I believe in Tinker Bell but not in Eliza Doolittle. She bores me. But not as much as Higgins and Pickering bore me.

THE reason Mr. Shaw cannot create credible fairies is that he has never been able to create credible human beings. His characters live only on condition that they are character parts like Eliza's father in this film. Even there Mr. Shaw makes occasional mistakes. I don't mind Doolittle saying he is "up agen middle-class morality"—that is just Mr. Shaw's fun, to which he is just as much entitled as Barrie was to his nonsense. But I do object to Doolittle telling Higgins that if he had had

to write a melodrama about the London waterfront, I should doubtless be able to project myself into the skin of some seduced, Thames-seeking virgin. But about the passion of love Mr. Shaw has never known anything at all. He knows of it intellectually, that it may be poetic, romantic, tender, brutal and even sadistic. But in his heart of hearts—or rather mind of minds—Mr. Shaw has always regarded the two sexes as logical complements; sine wedding with co-sine, oxygen mating with hydrogen, the toast accommodated with its toast-rack.

"WHO cares for a slave," asks Higgins. The average young man regards his girl in the beginning as though she were Helen of Troy or, more probably, Betty Grable. He marries her, and after a few weeks or at best, months, discovers that he has got hold of a hen-witted creature capable of nothing but besmearing her nails and having her hair messed about so that it looks like "the white sheet bleaching on the hedge." But he is irrevocably landed with her, so she may as well make herself useful by fetching his pipe and his slippers. Contrariwise I have learned

rate sentimentalist, he tried to combine the Life Force with the Mutual Respect theory, not realizing that whereas Nature knows all about the one, she knows nothing about the other, which is the invention of Man in his pose of social reformer. They manage these things better in France, where it is recognized that a man shall take to himself one woman for the purpose of raising a family, and another woman from whom children are the last thing he would dream of asking.

BUT the whole film is riddled with inconsistencies. To take one instance. Commonness of speech is not a matter of pronunciation but of intonation, and nothing can rid man or woman of that inherent commonness. Other commonnesses would have betrayed Eliza in real life—commonness of bearing, of manner, of look, of walk, of the way of listening. But let us grant the teller of the fairy story his premises. Suppose any girl of today to be an Eliza abandoned by her Higgins. Would she talk of being thrown back into the gutter? Not on your life. She would realize that the world was open to her—the stage, the screen, the chance to be dance-hostess, mannequin, mistress to a rich man, or wife to a poor one. No, readers, I never believed in the play and I don't believe in the film. I don't believe Eliza could have passed muster as a lady—among ladies. No lady talks with an invisible hyphen between each word. And I don't believe in the fine sentiments at the end. Once a flowergirl, always a flowergirl. Having found a mug in Higgins, Eliza would have played him up good and plenty, and being a woman, she would have made her father look like an amateur at the game of extorting money politely.

NOW let us be quite fair to Mr. Shaw. The play and the film both date tremendously, and are as remote from the present day as Tom Robertson's *Caste*. When Mr. Shaw wrote it, women were divided into three classes—the lady, the workgirl and the suburban lot in-between. You could tell from a glance to which class a girl belonged; now you can't. It is not that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins; but that they put the same messes on their skins. All that can be said in the matter of class is that nowell-bred girl would dream of turning herself into a platinum blonde; few working girls dream about anything else. As I was coming away from the Leicester Square Theatre I heard an excellently turned-out young woman with glinting locks and purple-slashed mouth say to her cavalier: "If you arsk me, that Wendy 'Iller was ever so lovely."

No, there is a commonness rampant in the world today about which Mr. Shaw knows nothing. It is the commonness that Montague had in mind when he wrote of "the vulgarity that is seldom far from the human animal when it has only decorated its animal life and not built an ampler life on it."

BUT then I very much doubt whether the young woman had any notion of what Mr. Shaw had been talking about. The word has passed with the thing, and to the average film-goer "lady" is merely the genteel word for female. Compare "charlady." Only the other day one of our rising dramatic critics was telling his readers how, when he was a reporter, he chatted in a public-house bar with the brother of a lady executed that morning. Italics mine.



"The Half-Way House" Introduces a Great French Actress to British Film Audiences

Françoise Rosay came over to this country at the invitation of Mr. Michael Balcon to play in "The Half-Way House" at Ealing Studios. She is supported by a brilliant cast which includes Mervyn and Glynis Johns, Tom Walls, Esmond Knight, Sally Ann Howes, Alfred Drayton and Guy Middleton. The film is now at the Regal. Set in the Welsh mountains it is the story of a group of people who find the answer to living through contact with the dead. Above left: Mervyn Johns and Glynis Johns, the dead landlord and his daughter, welcome a guest (Esmond Knight); right, Françoise Rosay, a mother grieving the loss of her sailor son, is reunited with her husband (Tom Walls) through the quiet influence of the ghostly hostelry

dishonourable intentions towards his daughter he would have demanded fifty pounds instead of five. The London dustman is not so stupid as that. He would have insisted on five pounds a week as long as the affair lasted, and gambled on a longer run than a mere ten weeks.

WHAT is wrong, what has always been wrong with the theatre of Mr. Shaw, is its Shavianism. Wrong, of course, from the point of view of actuality, not of wit. G. B. S. himself is made entirely of brain, and we are entitled to ask what a vegetarian, a teetotaller and a non-smoker can be expected to know of the passion of the glutton, the wine-bibber and the tobacco-addict? Intellectually, yes; I have no doubt that Mr. Shaw can think himself into the body of these gross feeders and huge enjoyers just as, if I were

from the films that in America the case is reversed. The average American woman, having discovered that the original of the Clark Gables and Robert Taylors, the young man who attracted her by the squareness of his shoulders or, at any rate, by the square cut of his overcoat, possesses the mentality of a boy of fourteen, decides in a very few weeks, or at best months, of marriage that a husband's job is the masculine equivalent pipe- and slipper-fetching. In other words, the constant and regular supply of mink coats and diamond bracelets. There is some suggestion at the end of this film that love should be based on mutual respect. It is not, and cannot be, and Mr. Shaw tried to get out of the difficulty by writing a play about Ann Whitefield and the Life Force. Unfortunately Mr. Shaw was not content to be biologist alone; being an invete-

"Melody Inn"

Arizona Background, Two-Gun Gals, Crazy Musicals and Dorothy Lamour



Ex-burlesque queen seeking easy money meets counterfeiter dodging the law at a dude ranch run by a two-gun western gal. (Dorothy Lamour, Victor Moore)



Crazy musicals which include the smashing of 25 break-away violins and two full-sized grand pianos are provided by Milt Britton and his band. Gil Lamb is seen in action



Night club graduate Cass Daley becomes a two-gun western gal. A whistling act seems to be in progress



The sarong girl goes West Indian. As entertainer at the ranch Dorothy Lamour has some big musical numbers specially written for her by Leo Robin and the late Ralph Rainger. Here she is singing "Indian Girl Heap Hep"

● When ex-burlesque queen Ann Castle (Dorothy Lamour) arrives in a small Arizona town to join her father who she believes has struck it rich, she meets mining engineer Steve Baird (Dick Powell) and counterfeiter Slocum (Victor Moore). The three are thrown together at a dude ranch run by Tess Connors (Cass Daley). There they fall in with one of the rowdiest musical acts in show business, Milt Britton and his band with Gil Lamb. Phoney currency, irate sheriffs, chuck wagon races, wild Indians—in fact all the fun of the "westerns" are thrown in. The film is directed by George Marshall and is at the Plaza now



Phoney money changes hands and sets the local sheriff after the boys. Everything turns out all right when a bet won on a chuck wagon race saves the hero (Dick Powell) from disgrace and provides money to develop the local mine under the astute management of Slocum (Victor Moore)

The Theatre

Something For The Boys at the Coliseum

By Horace Horsnell

It depends, of course, on the Boys. In the matter of entertainment the Services are generously, if sometimes fearfully and wonderfully, catered for. Almost everything, from full-scale stage shows to knitted body-belts brightly emblazoned with mottoes, figures in "the stuff to give the troops." As vice-reines of the muses, Edith Evans, Beatrice Lillie and other olympians have taken the sublime and the ridiculous to the desert, and major constellations have scintillated in the most unexpected skies.

Not unnaturally, the stuff has varied widely in variety and value. Conditions, and the demand, have seen to that. But so far as I know, this vociferous hurly-burly at the Coliseum is the only entertainment specifically labelled "for the Boys." This made me wonder. For *what* boys is it intended? Presumably not for old boys, those traditional tired business men content with mere song and dance, provided the smiles of the singers were cheerful, and the legs of the dancers shapely. Nor for schoolboys whom thrillers are more calculated to please. It must be the boys of the bulldog and eagle breeds who, these days, are at once both critical and tolerant. I wonder what they will make of it?

It is basically an American show, devised on the scale the Coliseum so comfortably



"He's a Right Guy," is one of Blossom's numbers expertly put over by Evelyn Dall

Left: "When My Baby Comes to Town," is danced by Laddie (Jack Billings). Chiquita (Daphne Barker) stands by

Right: Harry, Rocky and Melanie (Bobby Wright, Leigh Stafford, Marianne Davis) provide a bright interlude of backchat

Sketches by
Tom Titt



accommodates. It is also a "musical." One would say, too, that it calls imperatively for presentation by American artists, who have such a native flair for making so-so vaudeville ring like sterling, and tinsel glitter like gold.

The exigencies of war doubtless dictated that its personnel should be mixed; and the result is that some of its indigenous pep, and much of its surface sparkle, appear to have

been lost on the passage to England. So that while it is still dominated by the music and lyrics of Cole Porter, which have their own tang, while detachments of our gallant American allies sing and execute well-drilled manoeuvres, and the setting is varied by constant changes of scene, I felt that it missed fire. Its words were loud, but hardly more intelligible than its deeds.

The plot, such as it is, does not pretend to be

more plausible than needs be. It is merely the thread on which diversions are conventionally strung; and, beginning as it means to go on, does not deceive one into taking its incidents seriously. Why should it? Narrative pedantry has never helped such a show to success.

It starts with an ingeniously staged prologue, a triple lyric that introduces the three oddly assorted cousins, joint heirs to an estate in Arizona, with dreams to match. The news thus tunefully broken and rapturously received, off they go to take possession. And in the twinkling of a scene we and they are sniffing the cactus in the wide open spaces of the West, where the lap of anticipated luxury proves dismayingly prickly, and not only the prospect, but man, seems vile.

To recapitulate in cold prose the ensuing adventures would be neither easy nor illuminating. It would merely stress those narrative inconsequences which the authors of such books take in their vaudeville stride, and get us no place. The words, never too explicit, are taken out of the speakers' mouths by lyrics that are none too categorical. The lyrics subserve the dances, and the dances in turn are deftly dismissed by curtains that know you can't linger over plots when fifteen scenes have to be shifted.

What then remains pleasantly in recollection? In mine, little but the professional pep of Miss Evelyn Dall, the show's bright particular star, who twinkles gamely in song, dance and somewhat perfunctory backchat; the orchidaceous chic of Miss Daphne Barker, a spirited brunette, who aids and abets her with meticulous nonchalance, and Mr. Bobby Wright, rather more Bowery in bouquet, the third of the legatee adventurers. Miss Marianne Davis, whose appearances are more severely rationed, brings to the little she has to do and (in the cause of knockabout) suffer, an authen-

tic American idiom, and the nice husky timbre of a confident comedienne.

These artists do give the hullabaloo an illusion of progress, and its sound and fury a kind of significant something. To me it was teasingly incoherent and rather gruelling entertainment. Perhaps the Boys to whom it is addressed will find it a welcome relief from service rigours and routine, and its breezy attitude towards æsthetic niceties no strain.



Flora Robson Returns in a Zola Adaptation

John Vickers

After an absence of five years, Flora Robson returned to the London stage last week in *Guilty*, a new adaptation by Kathleen Boutall of Zola's famous drama *Thérèse Raquin*. The play is a grim one of passion, murder and conspiracy, and gives Flora Robson a powerful role. She returned from America last autumn after a series of great personal successes. On Broadway she appeared in *Ladies in Retirement*, in *Anne of England* and in John Van Druten's *The Damask Cheek*. In Hollywood she acted with Paul Muni in *We Are Not Alone*, with Errol Flynn in *The Sea Hawk*, and with Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman in *Saratoga Trunk*. The production of *Guilty* by the Old Vic and C.E.M.A. marks the reopening of a famous playhouse, The Lyric, Hammersmith. It is the story of Thérèse (Flora Robson) and of the mysterious disappearance of her husband Camille (Roy Malcolm); of Thérèse's lover Laurent (Michael Golden), and of their grim conspiracy; of the tragic Madame Raquin (Violet Farebrother), mother of Camille; of Grivet (O. B. Clarence); of Suzanne (Kay Bannerman), and of Michaud (Frank Petley). Above, Thérèse is seen with her lover Laurent



Miss Mary Profumo and Major Donald Fraser dined together. She is a sister of Col. John Profumo, M.P. for Kettering



Miss Nadia Moxon was with Lt. George Ingr. His father, General Ingr, is Commander-in-Chief of the Czechoslovak Army



At another table, with their backs to the wall, were Miss Elizabeth Leveson Gower and Count J. L. de Fleury

Dining Out: Half-a-dozen People in a London Restaurant

Swaebe

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Duchess of Gloucester

ONLY a very small handful of people, even in the Court circle, knew about the Duchess of Gloucester before the official announcement that H.R.H. will be undertaking no further engagements for the forthcoming months; but as soon as it became known the news gave great pleasure to all her friends, who have known for a long time that the Duchess, herself one of a family of eight, believes that only children are handicapped in their chance of happiness.

I understand that the Duchess will spend most of the time until her expected event resting quietly in the country, as she did before the birth of Prince William, now a flourishing

youngster of two years and four months. Actually, it is a considerable time since the Duke and Duchess lived for any period at York House, their home at St. James's Palace, although the Duke does a lot of his work there and receives a practically constant stream of representatives of all phases of Australian life almost daily.

Signing the Book

PRINCESS ELIZABETH's eighteenth birthday—much and quite wrongly heralded as her official coming-of-age—brought many visitors to Buckingham Palace, to "sign the book," though H.R.H. has not yet her own Visitors' Book at the Palace. Because of wartime

shortage of staff, and the necessity for fuel and other economies, the Visitors' Door at the Palace is now shut, and the Royal visitors' book is kept at the Privy Purse Door at the other end of the building.

There are still quite a flow of daily callers who keep up the old tradition of writing their names at the Palace whenever they are in town, and Their Majesties never allow a day to pass when they are in residence without reading through the day's list of callers. On her birthday, of course, Princess Elizabeth had the book specially brought for her inspection, so that she might see the names of all who had paid their respects in this old-world fashion.

That, and the outbreak of flags on all public buildings, were the only outward signs of an event that would in peacetime have been greeted with Empire-wide rejoicing and big-scale social celebrations in London, for, though it is incorrect to say that the Princess is now legally of age, her eighteenth birthday marked a definite transition period in her status as Royalty, for she is now a Counsellor of State, empowered to act, with others, for the King during any absence of His Majesty from his kingdom, and were she to succeed to the Throne, she would now do so as a full Queen Regnant.

Dutch Statesman

MYNHEER DR. JOANNES VAN ANGEREN, Minister of Justice in the Dutch Government, is one of those statesmen who are taking the opportunity of their enforced exile to learn about British institutions and customs, and to study our methods in comparison with their native ones. The youngish-looking doctor, who is recognised as one of the greatest legal scholars in Holland, is now making a comprehensive study of British courts and legal procedure, under the general guidance of Lord Simon, the Lord Chancellor, and when I met him after a full day in court recently, he confessed to me that the main feature of our legal administration which has struck him so far is the complete calm, and absence of dramatics, even when the most serious issues are involved. His experiences have included a day on the county magistrates' bench at Guildford, when he heard all manner of cases, minor motoring offences, matrimonial disputes—heard in the country *in camera*—juvenile offenders, and really serious crimes. Dr. van Angeren, whose visit was arranged by Sir Leo Page, the Secretary to the Commissioners of the Peace, came away very impressed at finding the same meticulous regard for justice, and the same eagerness to help the accused, as he had seen in the Law Courts and at the Old Bailey.

Like so many of his countrymen, the Doctor left his wife and family behind when he fled from Holland, and hears from them only very spasmodically. He tells me that when he came over with Queen Wilhelmina, neither he nor any other member of the Royal entourage had

(Continued on page 106)



Organising a Film Premiere

Swaebe

At a committee meeting planning the London world premiere of "Fanny by Gaslight" at the Gaumont on May 8th, of which the Duchess of Kent is patron, were Lady Waddilove (deputy chairman), Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P. (chairman of the Civil Defence Fund, to which the proceeds will go), the Duchess of Norfolk (chairman of the committee) and Stella Marchioness of Reading, O.B.E.



Sir William and Lady Lewthwaite



The Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry



Sir Rhys Llewellyn and Lord Camrose

Wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster



The marriage of Major Henry Morton Llewellyn, The Warwickshire Yeomanry, second son of the late Sir David Llewellyn and of Lady Llewellyn, of The Court, St. Fagan's, Glamorgan, and the Hon. Christine Saumarez took place on April 15th. The bride, who is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady de Saumarez, had four bridesmaids, Miss Joyce and Miss Clare Llewellyn (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Shirley Wood (the bride's cousin) and Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy. The child attendant was Gillian Anderson. Some of the guests are seen on this page



Capt. and Mrs. Patrick Leatham



Lady Cowdray and Col. Oliver Poole



Capt. J. Henderson and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills



Mrs. Alaric Russell, Michael Russell, the Dowager Lady Townshend and Miss Mary Churchill



Mrs. Wyndham-Quin with Miss Molly and Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin



Major P. W. Cripps was dining out one night a short time ago at the Bagatelle. With him was his wife



Three More Dinner-Table Snapshots

M. François Dormeuil was with Miss Guinevere Brodrick. She is the daughter of the Countess of Midleton



Swache

The Duke of Rutland was entertaining Miss Lucy Robledo. He is in the Grenadier Guards

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

more than the clothes in which they stood, so hasty was their flight from the Nazis.

Married at St. Margaret's

FEW brides are as fortunate as the Hon. Christine Saumarez, who was able to borrow her grandmother's magnificent white and gold brocade wedding-dress for her wedding to Major Henry Llewellyn at St. Margaret's. The dress is panelled in lace heavily embroidered in pearls, with a long Court train also heavy with lace and pearls; it gave a pre-war magnificence to the ceremony. Wrens, petty officers, and a stalwart A.B.—all friends of the bride, who has been serving with the W.R.N.S.—were among the congregation, and went on afterwards to the reception, where guests were received by Lady de Saumarez and the groom's mother, Lady Llewellyn. Lady Mary Berry and her husband were with Lady Georgina Coleridge at the reception; Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant with Lady Camrose;

and the Hon. Mrs. Valentine Wyndham-Quin and her daughters, Ursula and Mollie, with Mrs. Jack Paget, who is full of her work farming in Oxfordshire. The Hon. Mrs. Langdon Iliffe came with her husband and sister; and Lady Jane Nelson with her sister, Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, who was a bridesmaid. The Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who is shortly moving into a house in Windsor Park—she is one of the Queen's nieces—was there; so were the Hon. Lady Assheton-Smith and Miss Mary Churchill and her sister, Mrs. Vic Oliver, who were both in uniform.

Nepalese New Year

A PARTY given by the Nepalese Minister in his magnificent Legation in Kensington Palace Gardens celebrated the Nepalese New Year. Unlike his womenfolk, the Minister always wears Western clothes; he has made a host of friends over here and many admirers, for the State of Nepal is generally recognised as a very good friend to Great Britain. Mrs. Amery was there; Sir John and Lady Anderson; Lady Sinclair (who arrived with Sir Louis Greig); the Lord Mayor and his daughter, Mrs. Woodruff, and Lady Leconfield. Marie Lady Willingdon and Lady Brabourne, who both

have such pleasant and intimate memories of their stays in the East, were among those who went up to see the Minister's beautiful wife and daughter, who were wearing gorgeous saris, as was the handsome granddaughter of the well-known Maharajah of Kapurthala. Others who went up were Lady Henry Pownall, whose husband is with Lord Louis Mountbatten in Ceylon, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Mrs. Denton Carlisle. No men are allowed.

Back at Work

LADY BRUNTISFIELD is back at her work with the Polish Armed Forces Comforts Fund, of which she is President, after a needed rest and change, which she spent quietly at Broadway, in Worcestershire. There she went for walks with her faithful companion, the black-and-white greyhound, known as "Boy." He is always with her, no matter where she goes, and may be seen mounting a bus any morning on his way to Eaton Terrace with his mistress. Lady Bruntisfield is a particularly proud mother just now, for her eldest son, the Hon. John Warrender, who has won the Military Cross, is back home from Italy after nearly four years abroad, and Simon, the second, has been awarded

(Concluded on page 120)



Swache

Two Recent Christenings in London and in the Country

This group was taken after the christening of Victoria Anne Denson Hutchinson, baby daughter of Mr. Walter Hutchinson, the publisher and racehorse owner, and Mrs. Hutchinson. The ceremony was at St. Bartholomew's, Haslemere, and Admiral Sir Edward Evans and Lady Evans were godparents



The christening of Sara Anne Vanneck, daughter of the Hon. G. C. A. and Mrs. Vanneck, and granddaughter of Lord Huntingfield, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Above, Mrs. Vanneck and the baby are seen with Major F. W. Marten, M.C., godfather, and Miss Cecily Stanhope, proxy

Snapshots from Here and There



The Maharaja Arrives

One of India's most generous contributors to the war effort, the Maharaja of Kashmir, was met by Marie Lady Willingdon, widow of a former Viceroy, on his arrival in London. He is one of India's two representatives in the War Cabinet



An M.P. Marries in London

Sir Robert Goucer, M.P., and Mrs. Vera Daniel were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. With them (left) is Sir Robert's daughter, Miss Pauline Goucer, Commandant of the women's section of the A.T.A.



A Memorial Service at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Three members of his family who attended the memorial service for the late Major-Gen. Wingate were his brother, Major W. G. Wingate, and his sisters, Miss S. D. and Miss M. Wingate



Lt.-Gen. Sir William Dobbie and Lady Dobbie arrived together at St. Margaret's for the service. Sir William was Governor of Malta during the two eventful years from 1940 to 1942



An American Wedding in the Country

Capt. Quentin Roosevelt and Miss Frances Webb, of Kansas City, U.S.A., were married in an English country church. With them in the picture is the bridegroom's father, Brig.-Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.



Celebrating the Nepalese New Year in London

The Nepalese Minister (left) gave a party for the event at the Legation in London. With him here are Gen. Sir John Shea and the Afghan Minister



Amongst the guests at the party were Lady Moore, Mrs. Amery, wife of the Secretary of State for India and Burma, and Mrs. Wanda

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

STRAWBERRIES will be about five shillings each in West End restaurants this summer, some frightful gardener has been prophesying, or perhaps it was five pounds, or maybe fifty. Your Great-Uncle Joe will tell you this sounds nothing new, anyway.

When your young and handsome Great-Uncle Joe (topper, morning dress, yellow gloves) took a young and charming girl (flowery ankle-length frock, Merry Widow hat, long gloves) to tea on the Savoy Terrace during the Season in the golden reign of Edward VII, the valetaille, having brought tea, genuflected and retired, returning swiftly not with an ordinary dish of strawberries but with a strawberry-plant in a silver pot laden with about ten luscious fresh berries, each about the size of a plover's egg. A silver bowl of cream accompanied it. Your Great-Uncle Joe, chatting vivaciously in a muck-sweat of agony as he watched his lovely laughing vis-à-vis wading into the shrubbery at half-a-sovereign a go and ready for more, might be set back as much as a fiver, including tip, by the end of tea. Or so he says.

He will add that he took this like a stoic, keeping up a stream of sparkling chatter. Our own conviction is that he generally reached over after a guinea's worth or so had vanished into those fair jaws and said "Enough," removing the latest strawberry-plant and placing it firmly under his chair. If not, your Great-Uncle Joe was clearly an Edwardian ass.

Amende

Nobody seems to have whispered tactfully into the shapely, quivering ears of the Sadler's Wells management, who have just produced *Madame Butterfly* again, that (a) this opera is pure Japanese propaganda and a standing slur on a gallant Allied Navy's morals, and (b) a very simple readjustment could make everything shipshape.

As the plot stands, Lieutenant Pinkerton, U.S.N. (tenor), gives Cho-Cho-San (soprano) the air and leaves her with a Tiny Stranger (treble) in her arms for no reason whatsoever except a cruel, fickle nature. To-day any wise guy could guess that the kimono-sleeves of Cho-Cho-San are very likely packed with blueprints of American dockyards (Exhibit A) and that Hon. Tiny Stranger is made of paper stuffed with straw containing a squeaker, as supplied on demand by every Foreign Office. It would be the duty of the Rear-Admiral (bass) presiding at the court-martial in Act IV to bring these facts out, assisted by the American Consul (baritone) and a chorus of Marines. We see this scene developing as follows:

ARIA (Rear-Admiral): "It May Smell Like Cherry-Blossom But It Looks Like Spinach To Me."

CHORUS (Marines): "He Never Done That Baby Wrawng!"

ARIA (Pinkerton): "An Elk Can Hardly Lie."

DUET (Pinkerton and Consul): "Let's Get the Whole Thing Straight, Fellows."



William Solly

"Where's the Glass-house?"

ARIA (Rear-Admiral): "I've Got a Medal for Someone!"

FINALE (Rear-Admiral, Consul, and Chorus): "Happy Birthday to You!"

Easy as hon. pie, and long overdue.

Fuss

KINDLY but maybe prematurely—seeing what human nature is—somebody was patting us all on the back the other day for prosecuting this war without any serious public mess or fuss. He was thinking, obviously, of things like the aeroplane-dope revelations of World War I, or even the worse scandal of the shell-shortage muddle, which Auntie Times helped to expose.

It was Auntie, to her lasting credit (and Northcliffe's), who opened a dumbfounded public's eyes on May 14, 1915, with a cry from Sir John French headed: "NEED FOR SHELLS: BRITISH ATTACKS CHECKED: LIMITED SUPPLY THE CAUSE." A week later Auntie's little sister the *Daily Mail* shattered everybody with the tocsin-headlines: "THE SHELLS SCANDAL: LORD KITCHENER'S TRAGIC BLUNDER." For this blasphemous crack at the nation's idol—who seemed to think we were still chasing Fuzzy-Wuzzy round the Sudan—copies of both papers were solemnly burned on the floor of the London Stock Exchange by frenzied chaps in top hats; a terrific ceremony which, however, did not supply the shells for lack of which our troops were being massacred. Then Slogger Lloyd George removed his coat and the shells were made.

Footnote

THERE'S no criminal imbecility and obstruction on such a scale to-day, and the Stock Exchange boys haven't had to punish the Press for exposing anything, so far. But we guess they're keeping a severe eye on things, especially now that nobody can get into Brighton without borrowing a bathchair or crutches.

(Concluded on page 110)





Lord and Lady Catto at Home in Surrey

The New Governor of the Bank of England

Lord Catto Succeeds Mr. Montagu Norman

Following Mr. Montagu Norman's decision to retire from the Governorship of the Bank of England, which he has held continuously for twenty-four years, Lord Catto, a former Chairman of Andrew Yule and Co., of Calcutta, and holder of many important directorships, resigned from all his businesses and directorships in 1940, on accepting the specially created unpaid war position of Financial Advisor to the Treasury, from which post he has now been released by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in order to take up his new duties. The new Governor is an Aberdeenshire man, and married Miss Gladys Forbes Gordon, of Elgin. They have one son and three daughters



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
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Lord Catto at Work in His Study

Lady Catto's portrait hangs over the mantelpiece in one of the rooms at Holmdale, St. Mary's, Surrey, the Cattos' country house



The rhinoceros whose head decorates the hall was shot by Lord Catto in Nepal

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Bar

THAT medal just awarded by Our Dumb Friends' League to a horse in Ulster which charged an angry bull and saved its master's life raises a problem which worries all true-lovers of our dumb chums.

Suppose a horse-fly had stung the bull on the nose and drawn him off instead? Try as we will, we can't see a dignified gentleman descending on a farm and astonishing the natives.

"Er—you have a fly here, I believe."

"Fly?"

"Er—a horse-fly. The one which saved Mr. Guffin from death last week."

"What of it?"

"I have—er—a bronze medal here for it, if you will be kind enough to lead it in."

Impossible, you admit. Flies don't get medals. Our dumb chums have to reach a certain size, apparently, before people take any notice of them. The rank injustice of this often keeps us awake. Unrewarded mice, overlooked cockroaches, passed-over gnats. . . . A gnat once bit a beautiful but devilish girl on the nose, hard, just as a chap we know was asking her to marry him. She gave an angry yelp and turned him down. She would inevitably have ruined, deceived, mocked, left him, and driven him to drink or (he was a Simonite Liberal in politics) drugs and suicide. If any dumb chum ever deserved a whacking gold medal for life-saving, that gnat did. League, League, we're surprised at you, League.

Dental

CONFECTIONERY advertising is getting more and more like Nanny in her good moods, we observe. No, no pretty chocolates for Baby now; but if Baby's good (drat and drabbit you, put that fender down), there'll be simply scrumptious ones to-morrow (and wipe your nose).

Blueprints of new and gorgeous postwar confections are even now, we gather, being scrutinised in the laboratories and passed by Wimpole Street. If we may shove our dainty beak into these mysteries on behalf of the dental boys, we suggest the Russian Court standard. Under the old régime there was a Moscow firm called Dimitrov, a travelled chap tells us, which specialised in a costly sweet consisting of selected whole fresh-picked roses and violets crystallised by a secret process in a kind of golden aspic, preserving each flower's shape, flavour, and fragrance and extremely popular with the dental profession, like the translucent perfumed *halva* of the Turkish confectioners, and the rose-leaf jam of the Greeks. All these cloying delights derive obviously from Byzantium, which must have suffered hell with its teeth. Maybe this explains the old Byzantine custom of gouging out the eyes of fallen Emperors.



"Resistance would be negligible, Captain Whimble, should you decide to cross the river and establish a bridgehead"

Enigma

IN peace-time Wimpole Street, our spies report, the telephone bell often rings and mysterious conversations take place.

"Dulcet Confections, Ltd., speaking. We're thinking of putting out a new line of marzipan candy with Neapolitan filling—that all right with you?"

"Not too bad."

"That ought to get their molars, don't you think?"

"Well, personally I prefer Design 187B—it gets the bicuspid as well."

"Too complicated."

"Just as you like. It's all a lot of rot, what? Heh, heh, heh!"

"Huh, huh, huh!"

The receiver is replaced, the operator returns softly, rubbing his hands, and the soft, joyous humming of the grinding-machine fills the air like birdsong.

Warning

FLOURISHING as ever, a gossip was busy proving the other day, is the glamour of the stars of the stage. But distance is still essential, we guess.

There's a brilliant and poignant short story by Dorothy Parker called *Glory in the Daytime*. It's about a simple little creature who adores a great lady of the New York stage at long-distance, and one day meets her idol at a teaparty. The great lady in sables and satin turns out in daylight to be slightly battered in looks, afflicted with indigestion, and a trifle shwipsy. She describes her business managers, in the famous purple velvet voice, as cheap bastards, knocks back a few more neat brandies, and finally passes out in stertorous sleep. Moral, obvious.

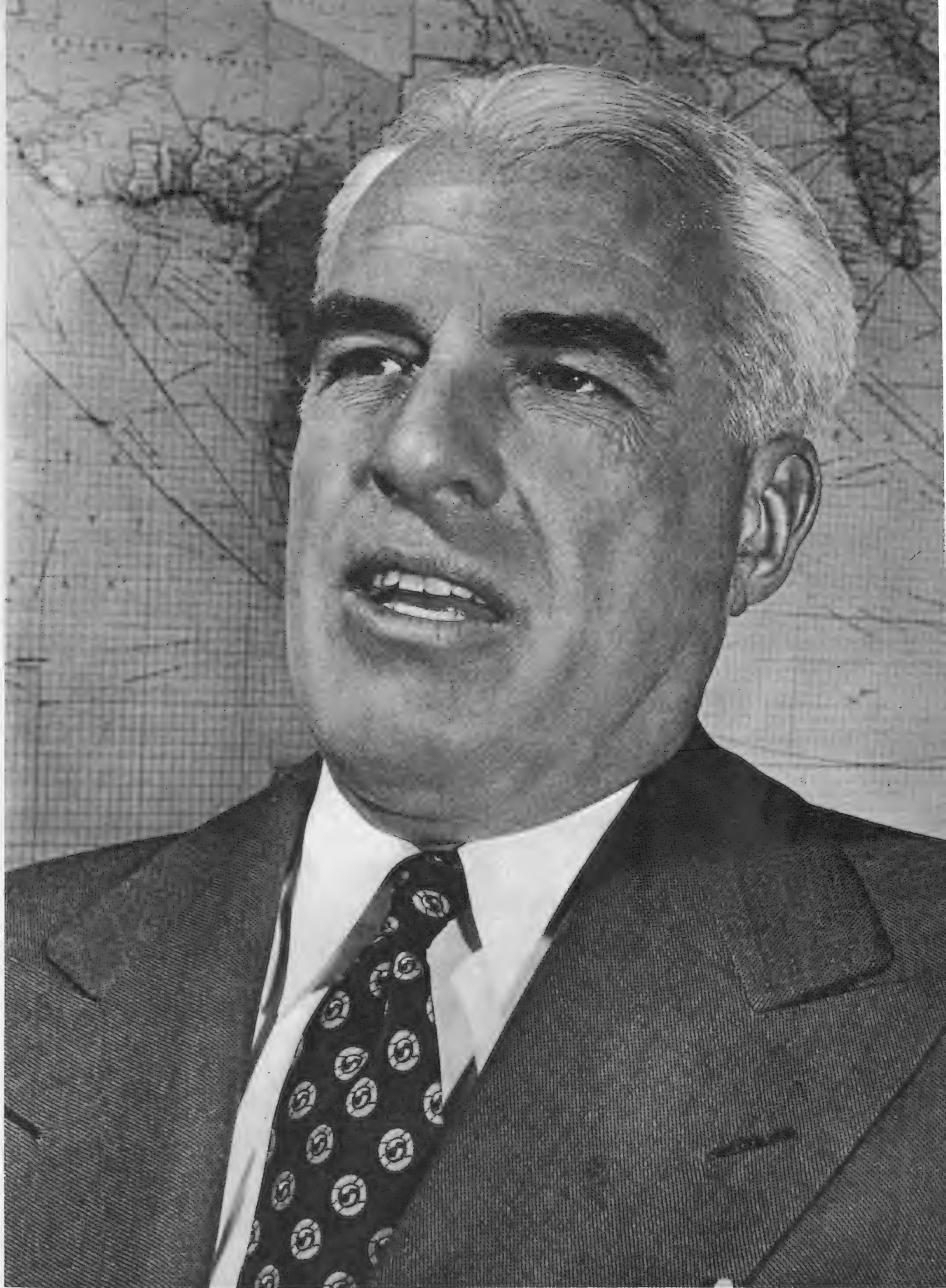
The same warning applies to idolaters of the big literary boys, and especially romantic novelists, who are generally homely and have unpleasant habits, such as scratching themselves, like Anatole France. When drunk they are either morose, like Alfred de Musset, or truculent, like an eminent living master of English prose (name deleted by Censor) who butts like a goat.

We wouldn't advise any fan to view the booksy boys (or girls) at close quarters. Most careful literary agents indeed take care this doesn't happen.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"My dear, all he did was to tell me some damn silly story about when he got loose in a china shop!"



Pictorial Press

Man of the Moment: Mr. Edward Stettinius, Jr.

Mr. Edward Stettinius was last in London three years ago, when he came here in his capacity of Lease-Lend Administrator. This time, as United States Under-Secretary of State, he has come to confer with the British Government on matters of mutual interest to Britain and America, and no problem concerning the war and Europe after the war is being excluded from the discussions. His first week-end after his arrival in this country was spent with the Prime Minister. Very well known in American industrial circles, when war came Mr. Stettinius gave up a high salary as chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation in order to work for his Government, and for four years proved his worth to the Allies as chairman of the United States War Resources Board. Following his appointment as Lease-Lend Administrator in 1941, he took over Mr. Sumner Welles's post at the State Department last autumn



Georgine (Pat Taylor), disguised as the mysterious Lilac Domino, visits the Palm Beach Casino. Here she flirts violently not only with the man to whom she originally planned to become engaged, Elliston Deyn (Graham Payn), but also with her own father, Col. Clevedon (Billy Holland)



Cleaned out by an unlucky evening at the tables, Prosper (Leo Franklyn), the Hon. Andre D'Aubigny (Bernard Clifton), and Norman (Richard Dolman) watch Carabana throw the dice which will decide which one of them is to marry a wealthy heiress

“The Lilac Domino”

The Old Empire Success of
1918 Revived by Jack Hylton
at His Majesty's Theatre



Mellowed by sunshine and good living, Ladies' Day produces its own burlesque version of the Can-Can, demonstrated with unorthodox skill by Col. Clevedon and his friends. Prosper and Norman execute a complicated pas-de-deux



Georgine is told by Carabana of the dicing plot which has made her the object of D'Aubigny's attentions. She turns to her father for comfort, unaware that D'Aubigny is genuinely in love with her



D'Aubigny has lost the toss. It is he who has to find and marry a wealthy heiress in order to save himself and his two friends from financial disaster. He is intrigued by the Lilac Domino and attempts to make love to her (Bernard Clifton, Pat Taylor)



Col. Cleveden (Billy Holland), who finds the charms of Leonie Forde (Elizabeth French) irresistible, writes her a cheque for one million dollars, to be cashed if ever he should prove unfaithful to her. Their conversation is overheard by Norman and Prosper (Richard Dolman, Leo Franklyn)

● The lovely music of Cuvillier, which has kept alive *The Lilac Domino* since its first production in 1918, when it ran for two years followed by five years' continuous tour, was responsible for first making known such famous singers as Clara Butterworth and Jamieson Dodds. To-day it gives another young singer (Pat Taylor)—not unknown in the musical-comedy world, but until now untried in the more difficult field of light opera—the chance to make a reputation as well founded as that of the first Georgine. The book has been brought up to date by its original author, Herbert Sargent, and with its Casino and Palm Beach settings it has given Ernest Stern full scope for extravagant escapism in decor. Bebe de Roland (Lydia Kyasht's chief ballerina) is the principal dancer in a satirical ballet arranged by Freddie Carpenter

Photographs by Hess



The Lilac Domino takes off her disguise and is disclosed as Col. Cleveden's daughter, Georgine. D'Aubigny and Georgine are reunited, Col. Cleveden decides to marry the Baroness de Villiers (Betty Bowden), and Leonie and Elliston fall in love



The curtain falls on a grand carnival scene. Here Elizabeth Fanshawe has let herself go on costume designs; Hogarthian and early-Victorian designs intermingle with others based on those of the Comedia del arte. Decor is by Ernest Stern

Four Portraits



G/O. Agnes Mary Thompson became senior W.A.A.F. staff officer of Coastal Command early in 1943. Serving in the A.T.S. in 1938, she was asked to form a Surrey company for special duty with the R.A.F., which was transferred to the W.A.A.F. on its formation. She is a keen sportswoman and believes in sports and games facilities for women members of the Service. Her husband is Brig. Geoffrey Stuart Thompson



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Mrs. James Grinling, American wife of Capt. Grinling, Grenadier Guards, serves in the M.T.C. Earlier in the war she worked for evacuee children and for the W.V.S. in London. Her grandfather was Senator Mark Hanna, of Ohio, and her father, Mr. Daniel Rhodes Hanna, founded the "Cleveland News," now controlled by her brother, Mr. Daniel Hanna, Junior. Mrs. Grinling is seated under her father's portrait in her home at Balcombe, Sussex



Controller G. M. Heaton, Deputy Director, A.T.S., Eastern Command, belongs to a family whose members have served in the British Army for six generations. One of the first women to enrol in the A.T.S. in 1938, she attained her present rank in 1942. Her husband, Cmdr. Heaton, R.N., served in the last war in submarines, retired, and rejoined the Navy in 1939. She has a son serving in the Royal Artillery, and another hoping to join the Navy



Haslip

Miss Yvonne Esme Daubeny, W.R.N.S., is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cyril Daubeny, of Kitt's Farm, Churt, Surrey. She is engaged to Major Desmond Holmes, Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Mr. William Eden Holmes and of Mrs. Holmes, of Hurlands, Puttenham, Surrey

Pictures in the Fire

The Lonsdale Legend: By "Sabretache"

A Legendary Figure

LORD LONSDALE, whose death has caused deep regret in every walk of life from the highest to the lowliest, was something much more than a great figurehead in the world of sport in almost all its departments; for he was one of the kindest natures ever produced upon this earth. He was also the happy possessor of one of the keenest senses of humour it has ever been my personal good fortune to encounter. He was most amazingly fond of the thing called a leg-pull, and so many people, who have accused him of unblushing hyperbole, have entirely failed to see that he had his tongue in his cheek all the time, and was deriving intense enjoyment watching how much they would swallow.

One incident at Barley Thorpe, not long after he had given up the Cottesmore, remains indelibly imprinted on my mind. In the room he called his study, which was nearly big enough to give a polo-pony cantering exercise, there hung on either side of the mantelpiece some quaint, long-thonged, short-stocked whips. I asked him what they were. "Oh, those?" says he. "They are some dog-sleigh whips the natives gave me when I was at the North Pole!" Then he stopped. I said "Alaska?" and he nodded and his cheery face wrinkled all over with smiles. He also tried it on the man in Manton's, the gunsmith's shop in Calcutta, where I happened to go with him and the then Master of the "Suffolk and Berkshire" Hounds after breakfast. There was on view a heavy, bay-leaf-pointed spear with a circular guard. Lord Lonsdale said to the man: "What's that for?" "That, m'Lord," replied the man, "is only for display purposes. It is what gentlemen in France who shoot wild boar on foot take with them in case the animal charges!" "Send it over to Government House [he was then staying with Lord Curzon]. I may find it come in handy, as I am going to shoot tigers on foot!" A real banger—as I'm sure he knew Manton's man knew, for they had had a good ammunition order. He was going to kill the big cats at a shoot organised by a

sporting Maharajah, where the scheme was to ring them with elephants, and they were no more dangerous than are the ones at a circus.

All that the Great Yellow Earl wanted to do was to see how much that confiding salesman would swallow. It was most amusing.

Great Achievements

IF, however, Lord Lonsdale had boasted in dead earnest, there would have been ample warrant, for he had really done things, and nine times out of ten better than the next chap. In Eton days he was a very good cricketer, a bowler and a first-class athlete. I am sure he beat John Western, the great walker; I know he was the only amateur who stood up to John L. Sullivan, and what is more, sent him down. I know that he won the Leger in 1922 with Royal Lancer—and many other races; I know that during his Quorn Mastership (1893-98), when he lived at Barley Thorpe, in the Cottesmore country, he thought nothing of galloping on relays of hacks more than 20 miles to his meets, and returning after a hard day by the same mode of locomotion; I know that there was no better man of his weight to hounds when he was at his peak; I do not know for certain whether during his Quorn Mastership he beat Chandler's leap at Warwick of 37 ft. over a brook by clearing 38 ft. 4 in. over a double flight of rails, with wire along the top and a chasm in between, but I am ready to believe it, and was invited to go and see the place, which is marked by a brass plate; I do not know whether one of his hunters at that time jumped 6 ft. over a wall with him, but I can quite believe it, for that is a long way off the record: but I am certain that we shall never see his like again, and that no pack of hounds will be done with such magnificence as were the Quorn during his reign, or the Cottesmore (his family pack) either. I do not know whether he ever rode over Aintree in a 2-lb. saddle, but if anyone ever did it, I am sure that he did. He told me so! He was never Master of the Pytchley—only the Woodland (1881-85). He led me into a bit of a pickle

(Concluded on page 116)



Seven-a-Side Winners

Haileybury and Imperial Service College won the Public Schools Seven-a-Side Rugby tournament, beating St. John's, Leatherhead, by 20 points to 10. Sitting: O. S. Kverndal, J. Fairgrieve (captain), D. A. J. Kingdon. Standing: R. B. Owen, J. C. Thursby-Pelham, H. C. Hunt, J. A. Stephens, E. J. D. Golden (referee)



Finalists

St. John's, Leatherhead, beat Tonbridge, Emmanuel and Kingswood, Bath, before reaching the final. Sitting: S. A. Comer, G. R. Goode (captain), C. H. Silk. Standing: A. S. Viner, W. Penn, Burgess, J. B. Brandram, R. L. B. Cockland



Semi-Finalists

Kingswood School, Bath, beat Worksoy and Oundle before their defeat in the semi-finals. Sitting: Q. W. L. Smith, R. O. Collins (captain), R. Keeley. Standing: S. W. Swarbrick, M. O. Forster, W. N. Sedgely (Rugger master), D. W. Haw, A. M. W. Wanyon



Last Year's Winners D. R. Stuart

Bedford, beaten by Haileybury in the semi-finals, were winners of the Public Schools Seven-a-Side tournament the last two years. Sitting: W. M. Baber, P. E. Marshall (captain), R. S. Bingham. Standing: R. F. Hill, J. Odam, G. S. Gilbert, L. W. McLean

Public Schools Rackets: Winners and Runners-Up

Winchester players, H. E. Webb and G. H. J. Myrtle, beat Eton in the final after defeating Harrow in the semi-finals. Webb is also captain of the cricket

The Eton players, A. J. H. Ward and J. R. Greenwood, were beaten by Winchester in the finals of the Public Schools Rackets Championship, which was held at Queen's Club



Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

in this connection, for he told me that the dark clarety Pytchley coats were his family colour and that they used them by his permission. This, of course, was not so, as Lord Spencer was quick enough and good enough to tell me. The Padua Scarlet is the hereditary colour of the Spenser livery; but usually Lord Lonsdale was most exact, excepting, of course, when he was out to discover whether you were fool enough not to see that you were the victim of a leg-pull.

Tom Firr Memories

THE following extract from a letter from the late Lord Lonsdale to the writer in 1936 I feel may be of interest to many who, like myself, know that we shall never again have any of the fun we used to have with horse and hound:

I have sent all my reference books and notes to Lord Bathurst, who is hard at work getting out all the various pedigrees, etc., otherwise I should have been glad to let you have some copies from which you could have taken notes.

You say in your letter that you would like some details about my Mastership of the Quorn. I



Exhibition Match

Miss Alice Marble, woman lawn tennis champion of the world, partnered Brig-Gen. R. H. Wooten, Commanding General of the U.S. Sixth Air Force, while touring U.S. Army and Naval bases in the Panama Canal zone

prefer not to go into details as regards myself; but you add: "Firr and Keyte were your Huntsmen, weren't they?" Now this is the sort of mistake which occurs. It is utterly wrong. Tom Firr, of course, was my Huntsman, and during the whole time I had the Quorn Hounds I never had any other. I had known him for many, many years, and we were great friends, quite apart from the hunting point of view at all. Walter Keyte was my and Tom Firr's Second Horseman, and in 1897 he asked Tom Firr if he could not be made Second Whip. Firr came to see me about this, and we concluded that Keyte had not the requisite knowledge or aptitude for a Second Whip, and he remained on as Second Horseman until I gave up the Hounds. Keyte had no natural aptitude for hounds, but he had seen a great many of them broken, and it is the summer breaking and teaching of hounds to do things out of the ordinary that really is the secret of the success of a huntsman, and they should never be hit, all being taught with trouble, patience and time. Keyte had seen a great deal of this, and after I gave up the Hounds he was made Second Whip, then owing to Firr's accident he became First Whip, and the following season was made Huntsman. Fred Earp was my First Whip.

During a very large part of the time I had the Quorn we hunted six (not four) days a week. I bought the Brocklesby Doghounds for Mr. Merthyr Guest and kept and hunted them for a season at

his request with a view to ascertaining their merits or demerits. But I always had a Pack of my own (Mr. Chaplin's and my own), direct descendants of Lord Henry Bentinck's, and hunted them two days a week, Firr hunting the other four; but he invariably came out with me as he liked to do so, and acted as Whip at his own discretion.

It was in 1873 that I first met the Empress of Austria when she came over and had a day's cub-hunting with the Belvoir. I met her at Grantham Station with some of my father's and my mother's horses. Mr. Hector Baltazzi was in attendance on the Empress. In 1873 and 1874, and on several occasions later, I hunted with Her Majesty. Chevalier and I also bought most of her horses, and I used to ride them in Leicestershire chiefly on their arrival from Ireland and prior to her arrival in this country.

An Index of Character

ONE or two short extracts from a note Lord Lonsdale contributed to a publication, *The Meynellian Science*, give an index to a character which was very lovable:

If hounds hear the Whip . . . rating them they will stop and listen to be sure that he is not rating others on heel or riot . . . if a Whip would only talk to his hounds on these occasions as he does to a woman—and not only a woman, but a woman he loves!—they would be far more easily stopped. . . . You can do more with a hound by voice than you can with all the rating and whip in the world. . . .

If some people translated this note into the ordinary affairs of life, what a much pleasanter place this world would be! There is only one suitable fate for the nagger and the bully, the Knacker! That is what Lord Lonsdale meant.

Recent Racing

OWING to the deeply-regretted death of Lord Lonsdale claiming priority upon my allotted space, some more extended notes upon recent happenings must be temporarily suspended. Compressed interim comment may be produced like this: Orestes' Windsor defeat said nothing; that one-mile race was no better than a 5-furlong scramble, and the pace was entirely wrong; his price was 4 to 1 for the Guineas before it and 11 to 2 after it; it is evident, therefore, that the bookmakers read this race quite correctly; it is further obvious that Lady Wyn may get a mile; she was giving 2 st. 1 lb. to her conqueror; they said she would not get 6 furlongs; I think she might win the One Thousand; Mrs. Mops did not "do us now." I think Vigorous will be the better for that gallop at Salisbury, and will beat Abbots Fell whenever and wherever he meets him again; anyway, the latter is not the Lambourn best; it is a very wise decision not to run Rockefeller in the Guineas; if Oswald Marmaduke Bell had tried to go on with him before he was over that cough . . . Happy Landing cannot win the Guineas on his Newmarket gallop—much less the Derby.



Miss Jean Anstruther was a competitor at the Gymkhana recently held at Hemel Hempstead for charity. She is the daughter of Major Douglas Anstruther, of Greyfriars, Redbourn, Hertfordshire



Oscar Marcus

A Gymkhana in Aid of Charity

Organisers of the Gymkhana at Highfield House, Hemel Hempstead, in aid of two London hospitals, were the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Gore, Mrs. A. C. H. Bull and the Hon. Mrs. G. A. Murray, at whose home the event took place



Just a Coincidence

This snapshot from India shows Lt. N. J. Beesley, Capt. R. J. Pritchard, Capt. A. Uzzell and Lt. R. Walton improving their minds. By some strange chance all four men are reading "The Tatler."



With Latto, His Waterloo Cup Winner



Walking His Dogs in the Mall



Lighting the Famous Cigar

THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
April 26, 1934
117



To Ascot in the Yellow Coach

English Gentleman and Great Sportsman

With the death of Lord Lonsdale the sporting world loses one of its most picturesque and well-loved members. A leading authority on all matters connected with the horse, a popular judge at horse shows, and an integral part of all big race meetings, he was equally distinguished in the hunting field, as Master of the Quorn and of the Cottesmore for many years. As a young man Lord Lonsdale was a noted amateur performer in the boxing ring, where his name will be perpetuated as donor of the coveted Lonsdale Belts; he also made his mark as a yachtsman. Equally respected by all classes of the community, beloved of owners, trainers, jockeys and bookmakers, and a generous friend of cabmen and costermongers, the familiar figure of Lord Lonsdale will be sadly missed wherever sportsmen congregate



With "Smiler" at Epsom



Congratulating the Winner at Wembley



Steeplechasing: With Lady Ainsworth



En Route for Cowes



Presenting Bouquets at Olympia

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Pause for Reflection

MAXWELL FRY, who will need no introduction to those already interested in the future of architecture, gives us, in *Fine Building* (Faber and Faber; 15s.) a book for to-day's study, to-morrow's keeping in mind. The rehousing of a great part of our population and the replanning of damaged or obsolete and unsatisfactory towns present problems we are bound to consider and questions we may care to debate. Bombs have effected, in however drastic a manner, clearances that had been long overdue: for one good building lost we must (at a mild computation) be rid of fifty we were better without. And pressure of war traffic has shown up defects in our street, road and railway systems that had for long been irritants during so-called peace. Our next peace must be actual, not so-called—and for this can one think of any better ingredient than that human beings should function—live, work and amuse themselves—without unnecessary squalor, noise, waste and strain?

The central subject of *Fine Building* is the art of domestic architecture. I say "central" because Mr. Fry has surrounded it with outer rings of social theory and historical concept. He works inward, across nature and time, from the bird's nest to the twentieth-century home. You may find him slow in getting down to brass tacks—or rather, to steel and concrete. But his purpose, which becomes evident and seems more than justified, is at once to give modern building its psychological setting and to make clear its psychological aim.

English architecture of the last hundred years has refused to face up to the facts of England's life. Within the last century, industrialism has revolutionised society. The implications of this switch-over of England's powers were only slowly realised—what had been comely villages or small market centres spread, in a few decades, into scabrous towns: chaotic, smoke-darkened, unventilated and god-forsaken. The architects, if any, were lost souls. Eventually, pulling themselves together slightly, they set to work to create, for the middle classes, an escapist fairyland of the false-antique. Pretty fancies were borrowed from many ages and climes. Meanwhile, the thousands of workers—in most cases unhappy ex-country people, caught in the industrial vortex without hope of escape—were "housed": for some time one asked no more.

Before the last war—in fact, before the end of the nineteenth century—the evil of these conditions had been recognised. Artists like William Morris attacked the forts of folly—for folly, as much as anything else, this was. Things began to move, if slowly, towards improvement; till, on the eve of this war, we were about to tackle the problem in a radical way. The danger, if anything, was that we might do so without enough information, method or real, independent

thought. The war has held everything up: in all building and planning, apart from the immediate war effort, it has created a pause. Is this wholly bad? We resent delay, but at least we are given time to reflect. Meanwhile, our younger architects, among them Maxwell Fry, are widening their experience in wartime fields. Little that they may learn will prove irrelevant; anything can be grist if it comes to the right mill. So our architects' war-years may, also, be to the good.

What We Have: What We Are

MR. FRY'S principal plea, throughout *Fine Building*, is for a release, for architecture, from the fairy-tale that has been the concomitant of industrialism. Here, as elsewhere, can we not see the folly of kidding ourselves along? He is sturdy in his admiration for seventeenth-, eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century buildings; and would not wish, I gather, to see these sacrificed to the clean sweeps of the too zealous replanner. But, as he points out, the merit of these pre-industrial buildings was their realism: they contained and expressed the society for which they came into being; they used the materials of their time and place—stone and brick, whether plain or stuccoed—and their forms were dictated by the materials used. Their classicism, their still more or less direct derivation from the Roman idea, was not mere fashion or fancy; it was due to the fact that the English builders were still using, more or less, the same materials as the Romans had used. Again, such buildings offer the final answer to our fairy-tale-bred objection to uniformity, our dread of architectural discipline. What could be more uniform, more disciplined, than



A Royal Portrait

This picture of the Royal Family, to be exhibited at the Royal Academy, was commissioned by the Over-Seas League for the purpose of sending coloured prints to all schoolchildren collaborating on Empire Day in a gift of cigarettes to the fighting forces. Each child bringing his pennies on that day will receive a print. Any readers wishing to subscribe to the Over-Seas Tobacco Fund may send their donations to Over-Seas League House, St. James's, S.W.

a Regency-terrace, a Georgian street or square? A bad West Kensington street (say) maddens us, gets us down, by its repetition of trivial, unmeaning, pretentious detail. But austere gracious house-fronts will stand much repetition.

In our building, as Mr. Fry points out, we should follow the inner principle of our forefathers—that of using what we have to express

what we are. We ignore their principle when we blindly copy their forms. What have we to-day, as materials? First of all, steel, concrete and glass. These were unknown to the Romans, as to our forefathers; there therefore exist no prototypes for their use. And what are we to-day? An industrial civilisation—a thing we can make either bad or good. The factory is with us; it has come to stay; it and the dwellings round it are now as much a part of the life of England as is the cathedral with its cathedral town. Is it possible to incorporate the factory, with its satellites, not only into our landscape but into our conception of England without ruining the whole? Mr. Fry argues, and is out to prove, that it is.

Architecture must cater not only for what we are, but for what we are capable of being. What do we need, in our homes, to be at our best? Sun and light, ventilation, trees and grass within view, living-rooms planned to make life a pleasure, kitchens planned to make cooking an art—and heating, to temper our well-known climate. (Mr. Fry hardly needs to stress a point painfully recognised, by now, by all of us—that the habitable rooms in a house or flat are to be reckoned by those that are heated: the rest

(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

AS the war goes on and on and on, there is one thing I am

beginning to miss more than anything else. It is the future. I wonder if you know what I mean. "If you live, there will always be a to-morrow," I hear some people informing me, with the platitudinous air of complete conviction associated with a bromide. Of course, I know that to be a fact; but in a normal world one can amuse oneself with the years ahead. As it is, no one on earth can prophesy amusement for the next twenty-odd years. And by that time a great many of us will have ceased to be amused, anyway.

It used to be comforting to make plans on the assumption that as things are, they would, more or less, continue. These plans formed the major part of our day-dreams; something to look forward to; some nucleus of possibility which did not make day-dreaming appear too silly. Nowadays any form of day-dreaming seems perfectly idiotic, because there is nothing much to dream about, except the Beveridge Plan, a possibly increased taxation and a patching-up of life's emotional contacts, many of which are broken for ever.

This isn't pessimism. It's realism—accepted with a shrug. Remembering the years of unrest, turmoil and universal discontentment which followed after the First World War, one has to be an under-twenty to make dream-plans to-day. We others can't plan a future

By Richard King

which promises to be as much a strange country as any which faced the

early American settlers in their covered wagons.

So, I repeat, as the war goes on and on, I begin to miss my dream-plans as much as anything else. Yes, I know it is an act of wisdom to live as much as possible for to-day if you want to extract as much happiness as you can from life, but it was also very nice, if unwise, in the days behind us, to look forward eagerly to a normal to-morrow and, Fate willing, a normal day after that. It leaves a gap in the inner life when you have perforce to put your dreams in a junk-box. Dreams may be foolish, but they add a zest to life. Maybe they were always unimportant, except to oneself. That was why one kept them to oneself. We knew nobody would care much if they were blown sky-high. Therefore, I am beginning to regret them very much.

You can't have your life and the world you knew blown to splinters twice and pretend you feel "quite happy, thank you!" in the mess which follows. We pack up our dreams of self-fulfilment and happiness and hurl them down the years where they now belong. Nevertheless, we miss them. They made the future look as gay as a one-time illuminated Blackpool. Now the future looks more like Blackpool in the black-out. Well, I suppose we get used to black-outs, even though nobody likes them.



Lord and Lady Cranworth came to the show. Their home is Grundisburgh Hall, Woodbridge

The Duke of Grafton brought his two youngest sons, and Mrs. Currie was with them

Right: The Earl of Stradbroke, Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, and the Countess of Stradbroke were present



Woodbridge Horse Show

A Well-Attended Display of Suffolk Punches

There was almost a record entry for this year's show of Suffolk Punches at Woodbridge, Suffolk. The president was Major Norman Everett, one of the breed's most able supporters. Amongst the successful owners and breeders exhibiting were Lord Stradbroke, Sir Charles Bunbury and Sir Hanson Rowbotham, who owns the Chessell stud in the Isle of Wight



Sir Roland Burke, of Melton Mead, Woodbridge, was with Mr. G. B. Walker, Sir Cuthbert Quilter's agent



Sir Hanson Rowbotham, owner of the Chessell stud, had several winners, and came with his wife



The judges were Mr. R. W. Wrinch and Lt.-Col. Guy Blewitt



Major and Mrs. G. M. T. Pretymann were interested spectators



Mr. G. W. Toller, secretary, and Major Norman Everett, president, were together

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 106)

the D.S.C. He is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., while John is in the Royal Scots Greys. Lady Bruntisfield has been very much upset at losing her pony, killed in a recent London air raid. She used to be seen on Sundays riding him in the Row.

News from Scotland

BELLS have been ringing out at Helensburgh to announce the birth of a son to Sir Iain Colquhoun's son and heir, Ivar. This is a traditional demonstration to welcome a future laird and chieftain of the clan. The tenants of the great estates of Lyss—which cover over 50 square miles, from Glasgow to the middle Highlands, along lovely Loch Lomond—are rejoicing at the birth of a grandson to Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun. It is just a year ago that the Archbishop of Canterbury married Sir Iain's heir to Miss Kathleen Duncan, second daughter of Mrs. Walter Duncan. Mrs. Colquhoun was in the W.A.A.F., and only left before the birth of her son. She is intensely Scottish in her sympathies, and went away for her honeymoon in a green jacket and kilt of Colquhoun tartan which had been given to her.

Here and There

LADY SMILEY was up in London the other day, taking her schoolboy son, John, shopping; he is now ten years old and at a preparatory school. She was wearing a very neat strawberry-red suit, and had a chenille snood of the same colour on her head, which was most attractive. Others wearing red were the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Countess of Durham, who were having a drink together before lunch. Also lunching that day were Lady Elizabeth von Hoffmannsthal with her husband, in khaki; Lady Tedder, who came in late, having had a busy morning working in connection with her Malcolm Clubs; Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Innes—she is Lord Westbury's only sister—were together at another table; Lady Sarah Russell, lunching with her husband, was making one of her first appearances since the birth of her baby daughter at Blenheim Palace last month. Another proud mother lunching near by was the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, whose son and heir was also born last month—she is a granddaughter of Lord and Lady Derby, and the wife of Major the Hon. Charles Wood, Lord Halifax's eldest son, and there was great rejoicing in both families over the arrival of a son to this popular young couple.

Around Town

AN important visitor who has come from India to join the War Cabinet is H.R.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, who is staying at the May Fair whilst he is in this country. Strangely enough, on the very night of his arrival, London had an air raid, and the Maharajah was considerably impressed by the complete coolness of all the Londoners he met.

Other distinguished visitors to the same hotel have been the Marchioness of Camden, Lord Alness, Lord Bingley and the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Miss Betty Greenish brought welcome news that Mrs. Sue Weldon, Lady Warwick's sister, who has been dangerously ill, is now better. Another invalid of whom there is good news is Eileen Moore, to whom Mr. Charles B. Cochran referred in one of his books as "the English orchid." Eileen has had pneumonia and for a time was gravely ill, but is now quite well again and has joined the cast of *Panama Hattie* at the Piccadilly.



An Artist and One of Her Portraits

Veronica Pieris is the granddaughter of Sir Charles and Lady Catherine de Soysa and was born at Kandy. She studied at the Slade School and in Paris, and is believed to be the first Sinhalese woman to have taken the degree of A.R.C.A. in Great Britain. Her portrait of Lady Iris O'Malley, daughter of the Marquis of Carisbrooke and wife of Capt. Hamilton O'Malley, of the Irish Guards, is shown above

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

are useless. The essence of sociability is that people should be together only when they wish: we should all be able to get away from each other—but who cares to sit by himself in an ice-cold room?)

To the economics, the practicability of needed general improvements, Mr. Fry devotes thought and space: I do not think one can say he is Utopian. The diagrams in *Fine Building* bear out his meanings, and the photographs are, for the most part, temptingly beautiful. One objection to architecture of the school—or should one say generation?—shown here might be that it is international: our Continental neighbours, up to 1939, and our American cousins have all been working along this same line; many (though not all) of the houses, blocks of flats, factories and residential terraces photographed in *Fine Building* are located "abroad." You may feel you want English architecture to be distinctively English. I can only say that, as far as these houses go, I have seen them in such unlike countries as France and Holland, and that they had in each case so far absorbed the national temperament as to appear indigenous, French or Dutch. The few I have seen in England did not look out of the picture—and more, they achieved, by a *tour de force* of contrast, a happy relation with good older buildings round them. The best of this modern architecture is, in its own way, aristocratic. It is not to be judged by, or confused with, travesties of it—those witless imitations we already find in outlying suburban streets.

Mr. Fry expresses the new ideal well:

Modern architecture is unlikely to repeat the monumental grandeur of times past. . . . The characteristics of an architecture of which the dominant materials are steel, reinforced concrete (which is as light and effortless), aluminium, plastics and glass, are, by the nature of these materials, bound to lean towards light, the definition of space, rigidity: to exchange the feeling of light for one of tension, the stretched muscles of the perfect weight-lifter for the bursting biceps of the groaning Atlas.

To build otherwise to-day is an anachronism without substantial or valid emotion.

King's Agent

"THE GRAND DESIGN," by David Pilgrim (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), is the sequel to *No Common Glory*: it continues the adventures of James de la Cloche—allowed by many famous historians to be the eldest son of Charles II. James, nominally the son of a Jersey pastor, plays a secret, outwardly humble but very important role in his monarch's and true father's Grand Design; it is essential to the success of this that his parentage never be revealed. The Design is vast, embracing the French as well as the English Court, the Jesuit Order, the Vatican, involving breakneck journeys across Europe, admission to palaces by back stairways, intricate conversations, fights in the dark. James, as the King's secret agent in the negotiations with Louis XIV. and Pope Clement IX., is instrumental—one might say the first instrument—in bringing about the famous Treaty of Dover. But the realisation of the Grand Design coincides with his personal disillusionment.

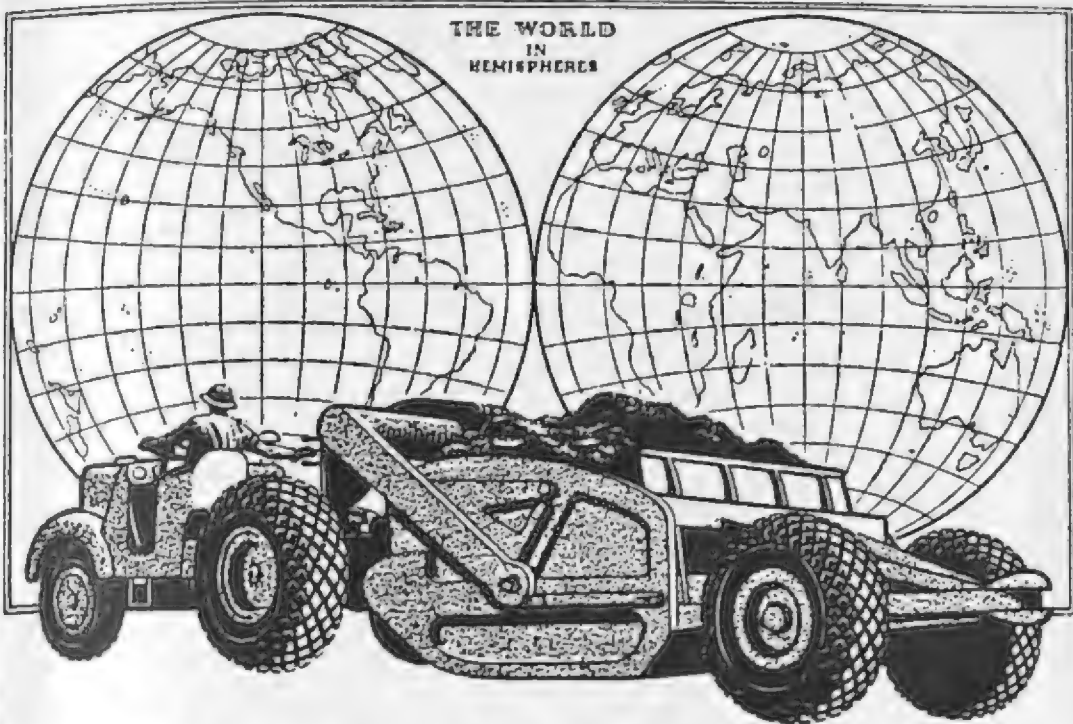
This dogged young man of twenty-one, whose royal father rallies him about his seriousness, is something of a psychological mystery. To his loyalty to a father he more admires than trusts he has to sacrifice everything—even his good name. *The Grand Design*, unlike many historical novels, is anti-glamorous, soberly realistic: the many historic figures who cross its pages are written down rather than written up. Several shady episodes are described with a cool frankness. The scene changes—from country to country, from palace to monastery cell, from Roman terrace to Jersey manor—with such almost dizzying rapidity that it is hard to realise that James travels on horseback, not by car. His inscrutable relationship with Snubs, who believes herself to be, but is not, his half-sister, is well drawn.

Folies-Bergère

RAYMOND MORTIMER opens, with a quite excellent essay, *Edouard Manet: Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère*. This, priced at 4s. 6d., is No. 3 in "The Gallery Books" Series (Lund Humphries)—of which *El Greco: The Purification of The Temple*, reviewed in these pages, was No. 2. Manet, born in France in 1832, of a respectable bourgeois family who mistrusted art, was to scandalise, both by his subjects and his technique, the critics of his immediate day. He owed much to the Spanish masters, Velasquez and Goya; he was to move abreast with, though never to be quite one of, the French Impressionist painters—Degas, Monet and Renoir—who were his contemporaries. These others were to outlive him, and to attain in their lifetimes a recognition he missed. "Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère" was completed, and, in spite of protests, hung in the Salon in 1882, a year before Manet's death. Close-up photographs of details of the great picture reinforce the points made in Mr. Mortimer's criticism.

The Batty Pottses

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN" (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) is the latest Ellery Queen story, which, in the remorselessness of its detection and the fantasticness of its setting, events and characters, is more than up to standard. Ellery, through a young man who is their lawyer, becomes involved with a batty millionaire New York family, whose matriarch is a Mrs. Cornelia Potts. A gigantic bronze shoe, on the lawn of the Pottses' U-shaped palace, shows the source of their decidedly ill-spent wealth. A lunatic trio prove useful in a baleful design.



GIANTS OF THE NEW WORLD...

During this war modern constructional vehicles—the Bulldozer, Dumper and Scraper—have performed Herculean service. Highways have been laid through primeval forests, airfields have been smoothed out of dense jungle, wildernesses have been cleared to make way for camps and townships . . . all in spaces of time which, a few years ago, would have seemed quite unbelievable.

It is no exaggeration to say that

without the giant pneumatic tyre these specialised machines could never have developed their present degree of efficiency. No 'ordinary' tyre could operate under the conditions which heavy constructional work imposes. Goodyear pioneered and developed these giant tyres; and the achievement of the future which will depend so much on giant tyres will serve as a reminder of Goodyear's ceaseless quest for improvement . . .

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to Progress

DEPENDABILITY



The Central Criminal Court—popularly known as the "Old Bailey," occupies the site of Newgate Prison. The new Court costing over £300,000 was opened in 1907. Surmounting the dome is a bronze figure of Justice, 20 feet high. It symbolizes the impartiality of British Justice—and calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"

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See how many of the cars on essential work today are Standards. Count them on the road. The war has proved their qualities of fine enduring workmanship. Standard are all out on war production now, but the time will come when their new cars are launched . . .

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY



The ever-popular riding mac—wartime version, it's true, but nevertheless just as practical as ever. Double-texture, it needs 15 coupons, costs 63s. 3d. Off-white in colour, you can get it at Peter Robinson's

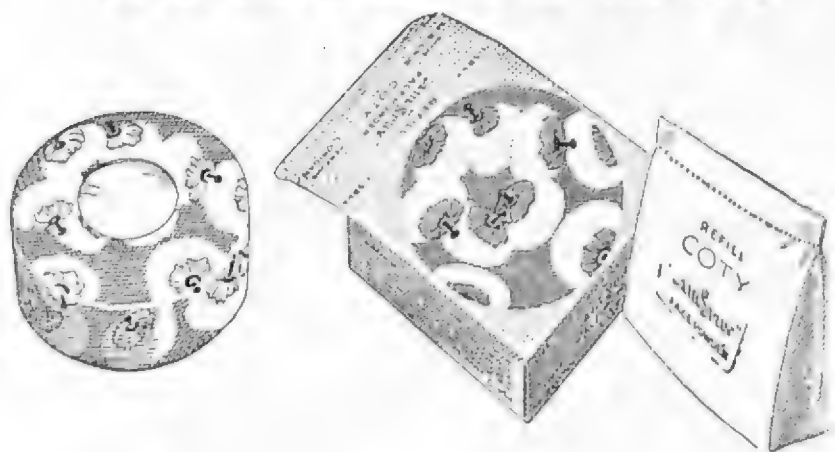
April Showers



The victory mac has red and white stripes on a navy-blue background. It is of rayon with a silky effect; it costs £5 7s. 1d., needs 9 coupons, and is at Dickins and Jones

With or without the hood, this is the sort of mac to wear gaily. In yellow and black chequered cotton, it takes 9 coupons, costs £3 16s. 8d. complete with hood, £2 19s. 6d. without. Dickins and Jones have it

THE PACKS YOU KNOW



THE NEW PACK



COTY explains and warns

WE owe you an apology. We have had to change the "Air Spun" wartime pack once again. The famous "Powder-Puff" design can no longer be produced for lack of material and labour. For a time you may see coty "Air Spun" in any of the packs above illustrated, but please beware of being offered "Air Spun" in any other form of pack, or even loose by weight, which can only be an imitation.

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| | <i>Including Tax</i> |
| (1) War Pack "Powder-Puff" design | ... 2/6 |
| (2) Refill of "Air Spun" ... | ... 2/3 |
| (3) New War Pack with plain cream back-ground in two sizes | 2/6 & 4/9 |

Coty **"AIR SPUN"**
The Powder that Stays On



A SHORT fur jacket is a prize possession of most smart women. We have an interesting collection in all kinds of furs; the example sketched is most luxurious, takes 12 coupons and is priced at Eighty-nine pounds.

Fur Salon — Ground Floor

Marshall & Snelgrove
Oxford Street
London, W.1

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THIS story is reputed to be told by David Niven, the film actor.

A R.A.F. pilot made a forced landing in Belgium and was rescued by a nun. She shepherd him into her convent, handed him a complete set of nun's accoutrements, and counselled: "Lie low. Say nothing. Be as inconspicuous as possible. Sooner or later we will find a way to spirit you back to England."

For eight weeks the pilot spoke to no one, shaved eight times a day, and was a model convent dweller.

One evening, however, he spied a beautiful young sister alone in the pantry, and on a sudden but irresistible impulse, swept her into his arms. A moment later he was reeling from a terrific sock on the jaw.

"'Ere, 'ere," spoke a deep masculine voice, "'old yer 'orses, can't yer? I've been 'ere since Dunkirk!"

SOME years ago a man hired a small hall in a country town in the South of Ireland. He engaged no assistance, but a month before the date for which he had rented the hall he put up signs all over the town stating in large letters: "He is coming."

A week before the fateful night, that was replaced by: "He will be at the Town Hall on April 1." The day before the event there was the simple legend: "He is here." The following morning: "He will be at the Town Hall tonight at eight o'clock."

That night the man himself sat in the box office and sold tickets at one shilling a head to a capacity audience. When the lights went up inside however, all the crowd could see was a huge sign reading: "He's gone."

A POPULAR Norwegian vaudeville artiste, wearing a German uniform, marched to the centre of the stage, faced the audience and raised his arm in Nazi fashion. A number of German officers present arose, clicked their heels and returned the Nazi salute. Then, his arm still extended, the comedian said with a smile:—

"That's how high my dog jumped yesterday."

"**L**OOK here," said the pirate caller. "I'm tired of calling every day for my money."

"Would Friday suit?"

"Yes, it would."

"All right then, call every Friday."

A DOCTOR was called in to see a very testy patient.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?" he asked.

"That's for you to find out," said the patient, glaring. "I see," said the doctor, rising. "Well, if you'll excuse me a moment I'll go and bring a friend of mine—a vet. He's the only man I know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions."

A PRISONER was being tried for larceny. The case was a strong one, and the judge showed by his summing-up that he believed in the prisoner's guilt, but the jury gave the man the benefit of the doubt and acquitted him.

Whereupon the judge said:—

"Prisoner at the bar, it would be a straining of language to describe your past career as creditable, but this most intelligent jury has been pleased to acquit you of the last crime laid to your charge, and you now leave this court without any additional stain on your character."

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"Prisoner at the bar, it would be a straining of language to describe your past career as creditable, but this most intelligent jury has been pleased to acquit you of the last crime laid to your charge, and you now leave this court without any additional stain on your character."



"A fly in your soup? What d'you take me for—a spider?"

the prisoner's guilt, but the benefit of the doubt

"Monty in the audience?" he gasped.

"Well, he's in the Army, isn't he?" retorted the ENSA man.

AFTER the christening the vicar complimented the parents on the fact that their baby did not cry during the ceremony.

"Well, you see," explained the proud mother, "we've been getting him used to it with the watering can."

A FOUR-PIECE ENSA unit arrived at a gun-site to give a show.

It was met by the entertainments officer.

"Have you got Frances Day with you?" he asked.

"No, I'm afraid we haven't," replied the ENSA manager.

"Well, Gracie Fields?"

"No."

"Have you brought Tommy Trinder?"

The manager shook his head.

"They don't come round with us," he said.

"But they're in ENSA aren't they?" asked the entertainments officer.

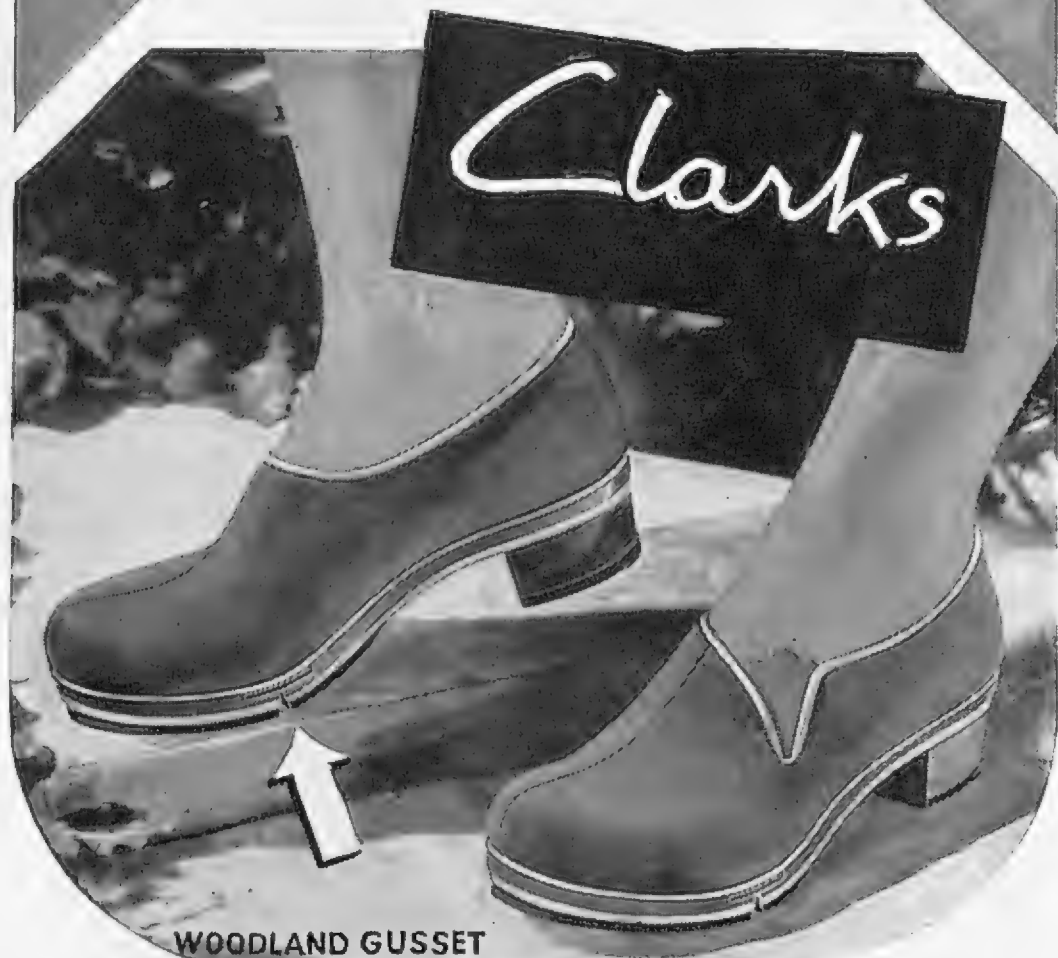
Half an hour later the show was ready to go on, and the entertainments officer came round.

"Ready to start?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the ENSA manager, "but tell me first, is General Montgomery in the audience?"

The bewildered entertainments man shook his head.

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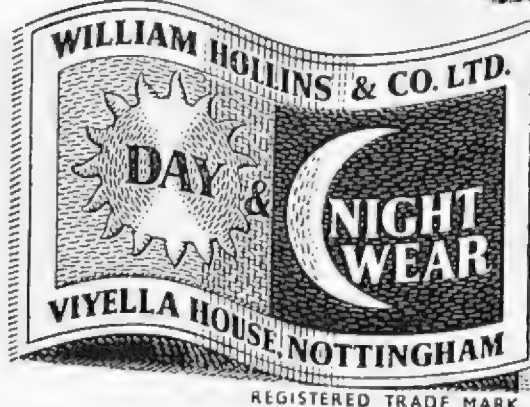


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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

De-basic English

AVIATION instead of being a model to the rest of the world in the matter of self-expression, is becoming a menace. Mysterious influences are at work which are determined to eliminate all the efficient terms and to substitute inefficient and clumsy ones. My belief is that this deterioration in air English would be arrested if there were a named department at the Air Ministry concerning itself with official phraseology. As it is we suddenly find new terms introduced and old terms abolished without knowing who has been responsible for the change and therefore without having the opportunity of arguing the case with them. Vast bands of Morrison word makers, not subjected to any scrutiny by anybody, merely issuing edicts out of the mountain, are wrecking the whole structure of flying phraseology.

I have argued before the airscrew question. An airscrew is a screw working in air, and may either propel or pull. If it pulls it is a pulling or tractor airscrew. If it pushes it is a propelling airscrew, or, shorter, a propeller. No jugglery with the terms used in Air Council instructions or anywhere else will affect the logic of this position. More difficult is it to express the case clearly for the retention of the word aerobatics. This fell under official disapproval quite a few years ago. It is still used by the people who have been in aviation for any length of time and also by the people who have just come into aviation who have logical minds. Aerobatics, however, was officially dropped and in its place acrobatics was recommended, and indeed used in many documents. We thus had the simple, direct term which clearly defined itself abolished and the indirect term smelling of sawdust and suggestive of tights and horizontal bars brought in in its place.

On one matter, however, I am unable to see a clear line and should like any readers who are interested to give me their views. It concerns the use of such words as aircrew. Should this be one word as it is now very generally spelled, or should it be two words—air crew? If it is one word then, presumably, one should turn ground crew into one word, but this seems clumsy. Should

aircrew remain one word as it has usually been spelled or should we go over and use two words both for airscrew and for aircrew? A similar problem arises with the word airman. Why has this been telescoped? Should it not be air man?

Some will say that these are trivial. I cannot agree for I think that aviation should study to be exact in its terminology. Exactness in this field will encourage exactness in other fields and exactness is the source of strength of aviation.

Air Men Wise Metricize

ON the principle that it is necessary to repeat oneself many times and as loudly as possible I return to my old friend the metric system. I have put it forward to a great many people with large knowledge in the world of aviation. I have only had two real objections (as opposed to sentimental ones). The first is concerned with the fact that a duodecimal system would give more factors than a decimal system because twelve can be divided by more numbers than ten, and the other is concerned with the associated fact that we use time and angle scales which are not decimalized. We ought, it is said by these people, to introduce a 400 degrees circle and a twenty-hour day if we are really to be sensible about metricizing and decimalizing. I entirely agree and would like to see the 400 degrees circle introduced at once and the twenty-hour day. Further I would like to see the pound sterling of ten royals, each being to the value of two shillings.

We who advocate metricizing and decimalizing are aware that to adopt the metric system as it stands today would only be one step. Other steps would remain to be taken before we have created a really logical and efficient measuring system. But the point is that to



Air Cmdr. L. T. Pankhurst was decorated with the "Legion of Merit" in the square of the Palais du Gouvernement, Algiers, at a ceremony held there on March 28. Units of the British, French and American Armies formed a guard of honour for the ceremony at which many Allied officers were decorated by General Devers. Afterwards the salute was taken by General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson

adopt the metric system with its present limitations would at least be a move in the right direction. We cannot go on forever fiddling about with the completely inane system of measures which is now applied in Britain and America. I believe the Americans are more firmly against introducing the metric system than the British and yet they have decimalized their coinage. Here we have a good example of the inability of the American to see things straight. They have that sentimental streak which will keep cropping up and makes them like the comic thing like a red pole or perch.

Seriously, however, I do feel that the adoption of the metric system by the British aircraft industry would be the biggest practical step it could take at the present time towards ensuring its prosperity in the peaceful days to come. The greater part of the world already uses the metric system. Scientific work is all done in it. Radio is in it. We shall be forced to come to it in aviation one day. Have we

not the courage to take the jump now and take it quickly?

Airmusic

I HAVE been pleased to hear that the William Walton works dealing with the Spitfire and originally written, I believe, for the film which Leslie Howard made, are being heard more frequently. If I were a big and powerful constructor of aircraft with vast works, I would hire the finest orchestra Britain could produce, and I would send it round playing this fugue and prelude at each of my works once a week for six months. These pieces grow upon one. They are not easy for the unmusical to grasp at a first hearing, but one only has to listen intently and often enough to get a genuine satisfaction from them.

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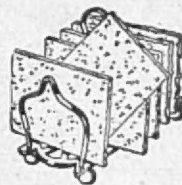
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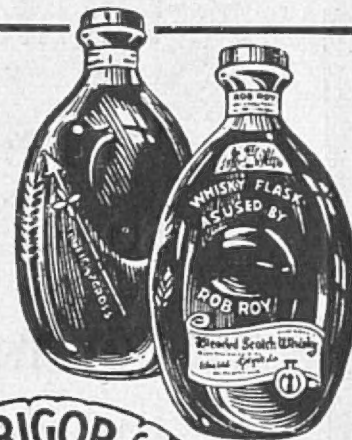


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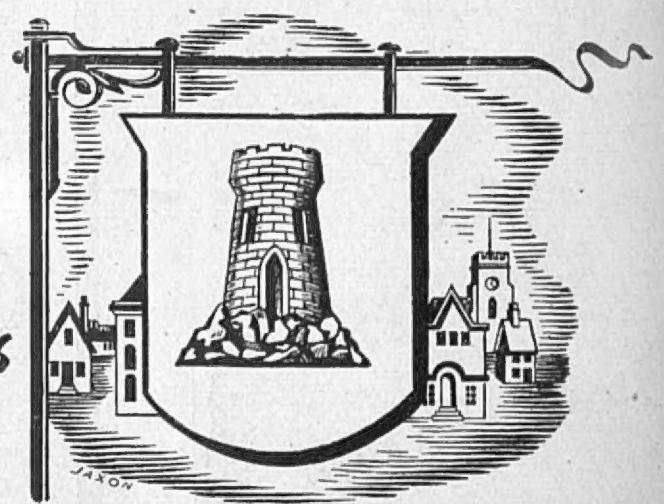
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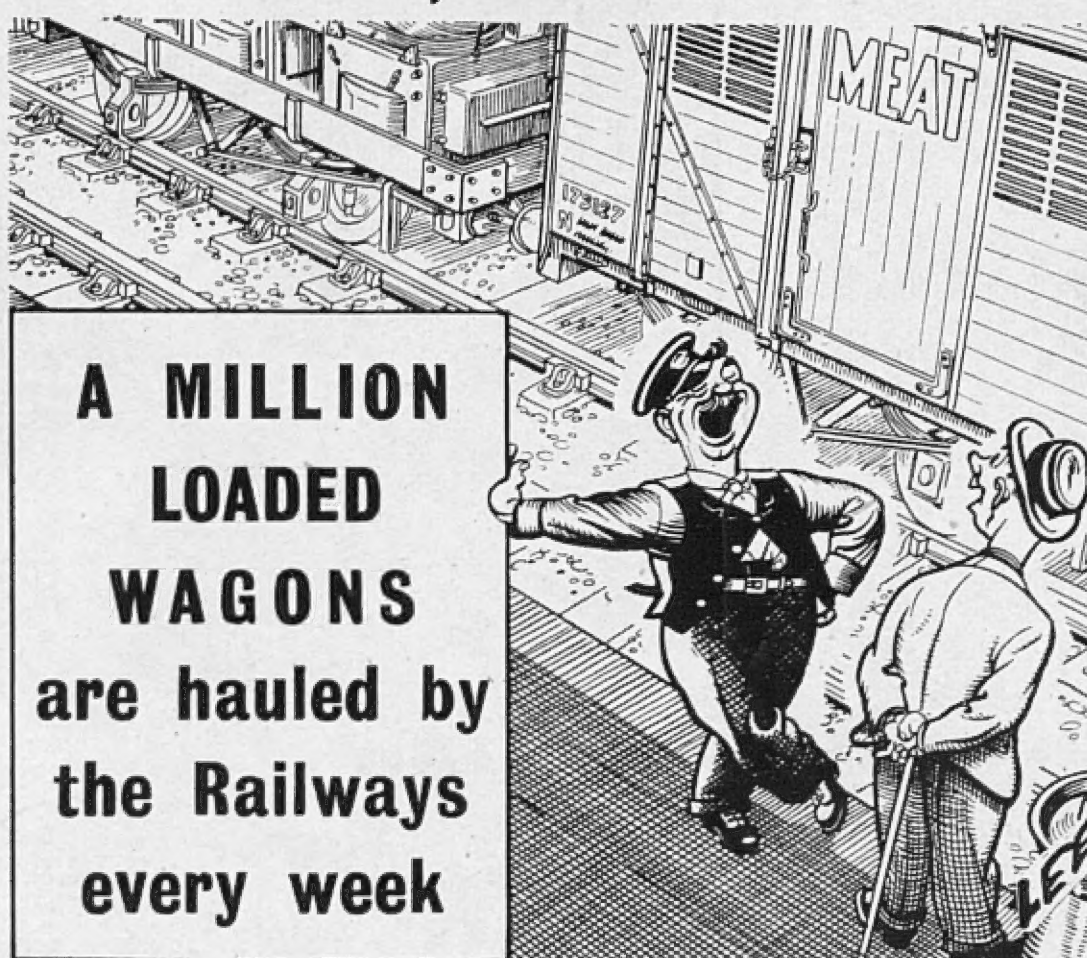
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